Hit Sale

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Hit Sale

by Oscarthegrouch

Summary

Will finds out a terrible secret of his husband's and makes a hasty decision that might cost him everything.

New Routine

"Please dress up, I need you to get ready now."

Will is on his knees, rubbing the piss stain Zoe left as a good morning surprise. He squeezes the mop and dumps it in the bucket of water.

"Abigail, have you heard me ?"

He grunts, rubs the carpet again, prays it won't leave a stain. He can't afford to lose the rent security.

"Abigail ?" he shouts. And he hates himself for being impatient.

She finally appears in the kitchen, pale lips pouty and brows knitted. "I hate cereal. I want œufs à la diable."

The kneeling Omega squeezes his eyes shut momentarily before shuffling to his feet. "I'm sorry I didn't have time to make anything. I'll tell you what, if we're not too late, I'll stop by the bakery and we can pick a pastry for your lunch box."

She sniff haughtily in a mock imitation of her father. Will turns away momentarily. He washes his hands, feeling her eyes digging in his back.

"I'll eat them and then go say bye to the dogs."

"Good girl" he answers back, whipping his hands hastily.

He fetches her lunchbox, makes sure she has an extra pair of underwear and pants in her bag pack and adds her little spider plushie.

Buster comes up to rub against his legs and he pets him absentmindedly on the head. He's at the door, his thick coat zipped to his chin waiting for her to give a final kiss to the last of their pack.

"Zoe's been a very bad girl" she comments as she takes his outstretched hands. "Bye doggies !"

"Zoe hates change Abby, accidents happen."

"She just wants attention. She's needy."

Sugar and spice and certainly not always nice, his little girl has a sharp tongue and his also prone to slap her classmates. They run down the staircase and rush through the underground parking lot.

"Abby, sometimes you get upset too and wet your bed. It's the same and it's alright. Accidents happen."

"I'm not a pisser !" she shouts at him.

Will knows she's been mocked at school, she's the new kid and now she was starting to get bullied. She had peed in her pants in class and it had taken an inhuman amount of coaxing to get her back at school. She had skipped two days and Will had to take her at work.

"I'm not a pisser !" she says again and she gets that look in her eyes like she's containing herself.

Will presses a hand to her cheek. "Don't talk to daddy on that tone of voice." he says first, "I know, I'm very proud you stopped wetting your bed. Zoe will learn too, just like you. She'll follow your good example." he kisses her cheek and goes to the driver's seat.

"I want Chopin, daddy please."

Will contains a sigh and obliges.

He has fifteen minutes to drive her and rush hour is still on the table.

He takes a look at her as they wait at a traffic light. She's looking down at her knees. It's obvious she doesn't want to go to preschool. She puts a brave face for him and his heart melts at how perfect his little munchkin is. Punctuality be damned.

He stops at that bakery. He knows that this little sugar rush is the only sweetness she'll get today and it hurts to send her there, where she's so alien and misunderstood.

They arrive ten minutes late at kindergarten and he arrives twenty minutes late at work. Nobody says anything though because William arrived two weeks ago, has an impressive bite mark on his neck and a on his finger but nobody ever hears him talk about a mate.

On his noon break he gets a call from his lawyer. "Papers are ready Mr. Graham, I'm sending them to you by email as well as to your partner's lawyer." A rush of fear fills him as he thinks about what it means. That he'll have to contact Hannibal. Exchange with him. That he might refuse. That he'll have to fight him through this.

"Thank you, I'll stay in touch."

He hangs up and pushes his chair back, standing ahead of him is a picture Abigail drew him. He smiles at it before digging in his bag for his sandwich. He takes his pill at the same time, swallowing dry out of habit.

Will does the shopping in record time. He manages to get all the dogs in the trunk before speeding back to Abigail's school. When he arrives at the gate holding her juice and croissant she's one of the last kids, waiting for him with her little face pressed against the metal bars.

She doesn't run up to him and he hopes it isn't' a bad sign. He doesn't think he has energy in him tonight. Not with the utter fear the grips him at the thought of losing her. In his most delusional moments he thinks about phoning the police or leaving for the U.K..

"Hey little rabbit." he smiles softly.

Abigail slowly moves towards him. She buries into his coat and starts rubbing her face, scent marking him to rid him off the smell of the colleagues and the stress of the day.

He picks her up and presses against her neck, nibbling at her cheeks to make her giggle."Daddy doesn't need a snack when he has such fat cheeks to munch on."

She presses her sticky hand to his chin and he almost bursts. He loves his daughter so much he'd die without her. He pushes away the guilt of what he's about to do to Hannibal.

They cut the vegetables together, on the two wooden planks they have, side by side. Abigail handling the cabbage as he handles the beets. She learned how to handle a knife early. After watching her father cook every evening for them, being so meticulous in the kitchen, it was impossible for her not to wish imitation. It makes soft crushing sounds that fill the silence. It's a good activity after school. Calms their nerves, brings them together. It's a nice colorful mess. From time to time Will looks at her concentrated face and smiles.

The motions are repetitive and calm. There's some jazz playing very softly in the background and his hips occasionally sway.

They do the carrots together and she gets to put them all in the water while he sweeps the table.

The dogs are wining, by the time their hands are washed, Zoe managed to get a leash in her mouth.

"Get your boots on Abby." Will softly says as he bends down to scratch Winston. When she doesn't answer he turns around. "Abigail ?"

She shifts from left to right foot. Small and childish again. He gets up and ruffles her hair. "We'll only go on a fifteen minute walk. I'll take them another fifteen minutes while you're in bed." She looks up at him but doesn't argue. Dog time isn't arguable.

Abigail puts her little coat and boots on while he gets them all leashed. Jack still isn't used to it. Moving for the city had been terrible to them. Especially coming to an apartment building.

They're all waiting at the door, tail wagging, Abigail dragging her feet behind the lot. She gets to hold Zoe and Winston's leashes while he takes care of the others. She's still somewhat sulking but it's getting late.

They're quite popular in the building. The single parent Omega with the cute little girl and an army of dogs. Will doesn't like being crowded but it's nice. Being able to ask for last minute dogsitting from the couple two doors to the left, or to exchange recipes with old Franck.

He holds tight on their leashes and shushes the dogs as they start to be truly excited at the sight of the front glass door.

They're half down the block and his phone starts ringing. His blood turns cold as he imagines who it must be. He looks at Abigail berating Zoe for licking at something on the ground than back up at the sky. He can't answer now. It's not like he really wants to. But it sours his mood,

brings back the panicked rhythm in is heart and prevents him from enjoying the smile creeping back on his daughter's face. Or the excited sway of his pack's tails. Sudden regret sways him like a tidal wave. He's ashamed of his reaction, his behavior, his complicity. It's not too late. He could call the police, move to a Southern state or LA, where there is enough drama and noise to drown the information that Abigail's father is a depraved sicko.

"Daddy ?"

But to call them would also mean something else. It would be admitting the immensity of his mistake.

"Daddy?"

Will jerks and looks around. They should've turned three houses ago.

"I'm back sweety" he smiles but it's fake. She doesn't see it, too busy on yanking Zoe back from a poop.

He finishes preparing the borscht and feeding the dogs while she does her colorings.

By the time she has her teeth brushed and he has walked the dogs, Hannibal has called three times.

It's eleven when he slips silently in the kitchen and calls back.

The rings have him in a frenzied fear and he has to force himself to stop rocking back and forth.

"William, how nice of you to have finally called back." the voice is cool . Light and sweet.

Will closes his eyes and prays for sanity. "Did you get the papers ?"

"The papers for a no-fault divorce ? Indeed. Quite quaint of you to let me come to an empty house, to discover you have left town and changed phone numbers. Thank you for giving my lawyer the new one by the way."

His voice is icy as he innumerates his grievances. It gives Will courage for what comes next.

"You are in no positions to complain Hannibal. On the contrary, I'm being generous."

"Generous, dear mate ?"

Will closes his eyes at the mention of their relationship, though he doesn't let it distract him. He's rehearsed this too many times in his head. "If you sign these papers and promise never to search contact from Abigail or me, I won't tell the police." he grits. His voice is strong and stable like it rarely gets. The furry of the betrayal and disgust of the day he had found his secret room reals back in his mind and justifies all the pains he had gone through.

Hannibal is furious on the other side of the line. Will knows he is but he's not scared. Because certainly, he can't be as furious as he himself is.

"Is that so ?"

"I also demand you stop. You don't have a choice. It's this or a life time of prison."

"You demand ?" Hannibal's voice is a dangerous curl of frigid hate. "Where is my daughter William, don't keep her away from me or this will turn very sour."

"Only for you you piece of shit. She's not your daughter anymore. You forfeited that right when you chose to disembowel a human being and feed them to our three year old little girl !"

"Will" his tone is warning, barely contained in its furry. The anger was predictable, he did good, coming all the way here where nobody would come asking question. Will is ascertained that the decision he made is the good one.

He doesn't answer but balls his fists. Waiting for Hannibal to cave.

"Where are you William ?"

"You don't need to know" comes the immediate answer.

"You will not make my daughter believe that I abandoned her !"

The shouting his so sudden that Will jumps. It's the first time he hears Hannibal lose it. And there it comes: the guilt. Of depriving Abigail of a father, a normal family life. A heritage that could help her study at the best schools and allow her all the hobbies she wishes for. But Hannibal is not a father he has to remind himself. He's not a mate. He's a serial killer, a sadist that kills for fun, that cannibalizes his victims and laughs at the face of compassion. His emotions are fake. Everything was a lie.

It makes his heart twist and the frightful tears that had kept him awake all night long that terrible day come back at his eyes. But he's not sad anymore, he's vindicated.

"You can write her a letter to say goodbye. You'll tell her that family life doesn't suit you or that you are dying for all I care."

Hannibal is silent a long time "You'd do this to her ?"

Will laughs without smiling. "Yes, I'm the bad guy here... sign the papers Hannibal or I'll get you in prison. My only regret then will be that there is no death penalty in the state of Virginia."

He hangs up. Too tired to continue and too angry to be rational anymore. All the while they talked the knifes on the kitchen counter had stood up at him.

He's so stupid. That's what he should have done all along. He should have stayed instead of packing their luggages. He should have pretended everything was fine. Make the meal and lace it with sedatives. Let Hannibal have him and strangle that bastard till his eyes popped. He should have killed him. He thinks of how good it would feel to stab him in the flesh of his belly and force his way up to the sternum. Burry the evidence, turn that space into a TV room

and dress in black like he's devastated his husband left without a trace. That would have taught him to lie.

Surprisingly Hannibal doesn't' call back and he's left alone with his regret of not annihilating him on the spot. There is no certainty that Hannibal will sign the papers. He had shown himself surprisingly intent on getting Abigail back, but psychopaths don't know how to love. This is all just a question of pride. Doubts creep about his beliefs, on behalf of what he had trusted, what he knew. He's good at pushing things away.

He fists his hair as the anger and regret keep his nerve-endings on full alert. It's midnight and he can't go back to sleep.

He makes sure Abigail is sound asleep and runs a bath. He takes it burning hot with alcohol on the side, tries to focus on what he'll get for her birthday party. He falls asleep at two in the morning.

Oh Dear If You Knew Me

Chapter Notes

Kinda short, sorry!

"God knows I live,

God knows I died,

God knows I loved,

God knows I lied,

God knows I lived..."

Will hums as he dances in the kitchen, mimicking a lonely waltz, glass of red wine in hand. He sings along the lyrics, half smiling, half imagining Hannibal holding his waste and kissing the tip of his ears. He twirls till his head spins and his distraction makes him spill some wine on the floor.

He watches the mess he made and huffs. That's a job for future Will he thinks, until Zoe comes in wagging her tail and he knows a good dog dad wouldn't let their white little terror lap up alcohol.

He's forced into cleaning it and she actually leaves when she realizes there's nothing for her in the kitchen. He shakes his head half disapproving, half amused and checks the time. In six minutes the mac and cheese will be ready. It's brilliant to be able to eat junk food from time to time. He did make tomato soup to accompany it though so he still checks up as good parent.

When he looks at his now empty glass he decides it's a shame not to put the song on repeat and get that glass refilled.

He goes to the wine cellar. He goes straight for the merlot, wanting something tart to go with the sweetness of the song. He pulls it out by the neck and as he turns he eyes the hooks where Hannibal's saucisson and salted hams are drying. It probably won't hurt to take one out he grins. He goes to unhook one but it's stuck. He pulls hard with one hand, falling a few steps backwards as the cord breaks and he bumps into a ham, making it fall in the process.

The sound it makes as it hits the bottom is loud. It resonates and Will stops at the strangeness. He sets the bottle aside and delicately pick the leg up, he taps the heal of his shoe on the

flooring and cringes at the empty sound it feedbacks. He looks over his shoulder, suddenly feeling exposed. He searches a catch along the corners, eventually he notices a place where the paint is slightly nicked. His heart thuds loudly and he goes straight to the kitchen to find a knife.

Hesitantly he goes in the living room to see how Abigail is fairing. She's playing with the theramin and all of the dogs are out of the room. She doesn't notice him looking at her and doesn't smell his sudden anxiety.

He rushes back, hands lightly trembling as he slides the knife in the crack, effectively lifting the fake bottom and exposing a rectangular hole passage big enough for one broad men.

He goes down, flipping the switch on his way and keeping the knife tightly in his hand. He doesn't notice anything especially frighting, except when he turns and he sees the bone saws, the big cooler, the washing products. Heavy stuff. The type you need to get ride of blood stains or to dissolve bodies. He doesn't want to open the cooler. He doesn't want to think this is Hannibal's doing either.

It could belong to the previous owner. Except everything is clean and there is no way in except from inside the house. Hanging in the back he sees a plastic suit. It's Hannibal's seize and his heart throbs as he thinks of all the times he woke up to an empty bed at night, to all the times Hannibal has gone to the Opera, or to a conference alone...

He walks around, delaying the inevitable. Will is caught. He doesn't want to stay down here where it is scary and bleak, though he can't bring himself to leave this place suspended in time; to go out would mean to meet with reality.

When he lets his eyes drag on the ceiling he notices another staircase, he shudders and sees that this one is right under the garage according to his mapping.

Will doesn't know where Hannibal is. He doesn't know if he's coming back early in the morning or late in the afternoon tomorrow.

He starts trembling but he's not allowed to flee. He needs to look at what's inside the cooler.

As soon as he sees the human thigh he closes it. He vomits there, on the squeaky clean floor, red from the wine he just had. He gags as he thinks of the meat drying upstairs, he vomits again until his stomach cramps.

When Abigail screams from upstairs because it smells like burning he runs up. Terrified, images of fire burning in his mind, remembering the calcined bodies he had seen as a young cop in Louisiana. The horror in the basement forgotten.

The macaroni are ruined but that's the only immediate danger he sees. Abigail is a bit pale and she looks even worse when she sees him.

He wipes his hand as he realizes that he still has some vomit on his face.

"Dad ?"

"It's okay, daddy's going to brush his teeth and order some pizza. We'll eat some soup while we wait for it okay ?'

She doesn't even think of protesting she holds her arms tight as she sees her father fretting around, an absent look on his familiar face.

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There's only one thing he's waiting for: the divorce papers to be signed. It's been two day yet there is no news from his lawyer. Will's anxiety resurfaces. Calling Hannibal, admitting he knew, demanding a divorce hadn't been cathartic. The truth remains. All in all, nothing was accomplished. Hannibal is out there, still legally recognized as Abigail's legal guardian, as well as Will's husband. Sometimes he thinks he hears the engine of the Bentley pulling up on the parking lot at his work. Sometimes he thinks he hears someones messing up with the locks of their apartment.

Will ends up picking up the phone on his noon break. It's almost a relief. No stand-still anymore.

Gradually, as his husband calmly explains, his eyes widen in terror. He's indignant as he listens to the blackmail. It's preposterous, and the winter cold voice he delivers these idiocies with...

"There are several futures I see unfolding Will. I am a Dr. of good reputation, from a good family. You are a runt, abandoned by your own mother. They will have no problem believing parenthood has damaged you. " Hannibal continues on without expecting his husband to reply. This isn't a conversation but a warning. "I think you remember your trip to the psychiatric hospital after you gave up your badge. I'm sure you're therapist will also have interesting things to say about your postpartum depression. You may have compromising evidence William, but I can easily make my own. I could take her from you, like you are threatening of doing for me. I will do that by either construing false evidence incriminating you, and with your history of instability the choice will be quickly done. Or I can fail." he pauses at that, the tightness of his voice betrays his anger. "and I will give myself to the police. Believe me when I say that I'll do everything in my power to drag you down with me as an accomplice. And where will it leave poor Abbie? Your beloved daughter that you claim to protect. She will be torn away from her home, put in the system, another inconvenience for society."

Will's eyes brim as he hears the exposition. He shakes his head. There is no way they won't believe him. He's the Omega, the mother.

"At any rate, you ran away and didn't contact the police. A suspicious behavior on its own." He laughs cruelly. "Your precipitation has made you overlook many things William. This is a game you are losing. I don't see a good ending for you."

Will hits the wall, loud enough for Hannibal to hear on his side of the line.

Will knows why he didn't contact the police, he knows why he left so hastily. He wishes he could chock on his stupidity. Some part of him, some damnable part of him couldn't bare to

send Hannibal to prison. He had loathed it, it would have been like burning a part of his soul.

"Either I have Abigail and you can have her with me, or none of us will. Your choice."

"How can you do this?" he accuses.

"How? Because I am your husband. You are the one that left Will, that would have my family stolen away. You are the one who broke your vow to love me till death did us part."

"That's rich. Do you even know how that feels?"

"Love? Don't be ludicrous Will. Do you think I would have tied myself down for the sake of appearances? My love for you or our daughter is unquestionable."

"Unquestionable" he laughs, though it dies quickly at Hannibal's final remark.

"Do you think the people that have threatened me have breathed for as long as you have?"

It's not that simple

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys for reading <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will's hard. The erection is random. He knows he hasn't had sex in too long. Five day per week to nothing is a big change. It's been almost two months.

He knows Abigail is still asleep it's 6:30 am, he has about half an hour for himself. He gets his toy, lubes it up and turns it on. The sound of it is enough to wet him. He takes of his shirt, takes of his boxers and rubs his hands on his chest. His cocklet twitches and he decides to press the dildo next to his clit, the vibrations spreading on his skin to tease.

When another gush of sweetness escapes he deems himself ready and inserts it in. The dildo stands upwards on the sheets. He rides it slowly until his thighs hurt. Out of habit he expects the hands of his husband to press against his ribs.

He shoves himself to his stomach at the thought and moans. His husband had perfect strong hands. He was perfect, just as his cock was perfect for his hole and his teeth for his neck. Will whines and heightens the strength of the vibrator. It's on maximum now and he holds his throat. Strangling himself as the toy buzzes.

When he feels himself nearing the edge, he pulls at his cocklet, pinches it as Hannibal used to. Violent and possessive, squeezing the flesh and drawing out come from it. His hole clenches too and he quickly pushes the bottom for the inflatable knot. He moans around its expansion. It's slow. Not all alpha's inflate at the same rate. Hannibal's was exactly the same, sudden and violent without a warning, then it continued on and on. When he thought it was finished it would grow still, pushing his wall to make space for the thick fat seed to come.

Out of habit he claws at his bite mark and finally comes.

When the toy is out and his hand is clean he presses his hands against his face. He feels so alone. So helpless. There's no one in the room. He's alone in the bed and it smells like sex.

He should stop thinking about Hannibal when he touches himself. It's wrong. He tries not to focus on it though, pushes it in the back of his mind with the rest. The fear that Hannibal will find him and kill him. The fear that Abigail will continue displaying aggressivity towards her classmates and get pushed around, of losing his job, not having enough money, losing his dogs...

The clock indicates 7:00 when he stares back at it and he forces himself up. The day needs to get going.

He makes œufs à la diable, remembering the recipe from Hannibal, cringing at the memories but smiling as he hears Abigail entering the room and jumping excitedly as she sees them.

"Good morning little cardinal" he says, bending to hug her.

"Good morning dove" she replies, pushing him over to access the food.

Dove had been Hannibal's name for him ever since he had put that ring on his finger. He had sold it. He had needed cash, fast. Selling it had been easy. Especially when he had learned how much he'd get from it. What had been hard was to live every day without it's weight. And realizing that no matter how much he tried to rationalize the materialistic actuality and lie about his marriage, he still found himself missing it.

As a parent, he doesn't have the luxury of dwelling on these feelings. He gets through the days and ignores the regrets and twinges. Though he cannot deny how much tactile he has become now that Hannibal isn't in his life anymore.

Buster nips at his ankle for attention and he kneels, getting his affection from him rather than his grumpy daughter. He brushes him on the floor like a cat and the big brown and white dog shows him his pink belly. It makes him smile for a while until Abigail asks him again: "Will father be here for my birthday ?"

Will shuts his eyes and breaths through his nose.

"No Abigail. We already talk about it."

Her faces scrunches up and he sighs as he believes he's about to witness a tantrum. Instead she bursts in tears, "I want my father." Buster immediately gets up and Will follows.

"Why daddy ?" she says, sobbing face so twisted his stomach makes a few flips.

"My baby girl" he whispers, taking her in his arms and holding her. It's the only thing he can say as he cuddles her close to his chest. Amongst the feelings of betrayal, fear, disgust, the greatest if the one of horror. The horror of not being able to protect his daughter, and the fear too, of losing her to him. He can't imagine what Hannibal would teach her, the darkness that would seep into her young impressionable soul.

"I want my father."

He shushes her, petting her dark hair and kissing her tiny hands. "Please can I call him ?"

"No. That's the end of that discussion."

He hates himself for shutting her off, but he doesn't have the strength to do this again, not this morning.

He takes his pill before he forgets and Abigail watches him do it. "What's this ?"

"Daddy's medication."

"So that you don't go in heat ?"

The Omega nods.

"Father's not here to help you."

Will clenches his jaw. If only she'd shut up about fucking Hannibal Lecter.

"I don't need help sweetheart, time to go to school."

Abigail doesn't climb off her stool. She watches him with her arms tight around her little body, hands clutching the blue fabric of her dress.

"Abigail."

"I want to see my father. It's your fault I can't see him" she says.

Will doesn't answer back. He feels like crying and she sees it. "I don't like you anymore !" *Oh the ways children manipulate...*

When she slams her door shut, instead of following her, he goes to his own room. Gently, the Omega closes the door behind him. He slides against it and starts hyperventilating.

He misses Hannibal so much. He doesn't know what he's doing away from him. Pathetically he pinches his bite mark to stimulate reassurance. Rubbing his neck, he concentrates on making his breathing silent but he fails and start sobbing. He's hurting his baby girl, he destroyed their family. He doesn't know what for. He doesn't know if justice, right and wrong, other people matter more. More than what he had built and more than the life he can offer to Abigail without a father and a sane mother.

He curls on himself and sniffles against his knees. He's lost and tired. He wishes he had a friend to talk to about this.

The light rasping of knuckles against the door pulls him out of his spiral. He clenches his eyes shut as Abigail's small voice comes from behind the door.

"I'm sorry I made you cry daddy."

Trying hard not to sob again he opens the door and rushes her into his arms. He can't help it, as the scent of her hits his nose, he starts crying again.

"I miss your father too pumpkin. I'm sorry you can't see him." They hug for barely a minute before Abigail pulls out and tells him he's going to be late for work.

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The phone rings and Will jumps a feet above his office chair. He doesn't recognize the number which is a good sign.

"Is this William Graham ?"

Will clenches his teeth as he recognizes her voice.

"Ms Sen."

"There has been an incident at school today with Abigail."

He pinches the bridge of his nose and stares at his screen. He still has three hours of work. Benny cleared out earlier and he's not that close to Sarah. He'll have to take her to work.

The silence is prolonged as he thinks, she adds : "I'm concerned for Abigail Mr. Graham." He defends his daughter : "Ms. Sen like I've explained, Abigail is a child that takes time to adjust, the move was rather impromptu."

"She slapped another child and argued with the teachers when we tried to put her in the corner for a time out.", he was readying himself to answer back but she cut him, "We're not arguing over the phone Mr. Graham, I'd like you to pick your daughter and to make an appointment with me as well as the school psychologist as soon as possible."

Starring ahead he simply nods. "I'll be there in twenty minutes. Would it be acceptable if I dropped after office hours ?"

When he arrives at the gate the courtyard is empty, he's brought in after ringing. He finds Abigail sitting on a chair, small and resigned on the far left. The director is standing a few feet from her.

For good measures he shakes her hand, "I'm sorry about the trouble Ms. Sen." he doesn't look at her eyes, sensing the reproach and he feels too tired to defend himself or Abbie.

"Hi sweetheart." he says looking at her. The teacher is already leaving and he can't help but compare this life to the previous one with Hannibal.

Abigail wouldn't be upset if she had stayed in her old school. If he wasn't a mess. And even if...Hannibal would have handled the situation. How he would have charmed them out of this, making everything easy, probably make the teacher feel guilty and apologetic in the end.

"See you this evening Ms. Sen" he calls out after her before looking back at his daughter. She is fisting tightly her blue skirt and when he comes closer it becomes evident why. He can't help the heavy sigh leaving him and he sees her shake as he does.

Kneeling to her level he grabs her shoulders before kissing her forehead.

"I'm going to get something to clean this up baby girl and we'll get you something else to wear okay ?"

She nods but doesn't look up. Will is just glad no one is around.

He gathers as much toilet paper as he can and goes back to find Abigail talking with Francine.

"Mr Graham, don't bother, I'll take care of it." she smiles at him with her purple lips and pinches Abigail's cheek.

"I'm sorry Francine, thank you."

She bats her hand, and helps his little girl up. She gives her a small hug and Abigail accepts it. Pressing her small body against her wide one, inhaling the calm Alpha sent, the soaps and spices of her hands holding her head.

She turns to him smiling again. "Abigail is always polite to me. Her desk is the cleanest." "You are darling" she insists as Abigail presses herself in her belly.

Will nods, licking his lips. It's hard not to ask her for a hug too. Abigail transfers naturally to his arms as he comes closer. He kisses Francine on the cheek before shuffling his wet daughter to the car.

He lays a plastic bag on her car seat and kisses her forehead. "We'll quickly drive home to change and wash but then we need to go back at my work." when she doesn't answer he gets closer to her, tucking a strand of her hair behind her ear. "Daddy's not mad, he's just stressed out cause he didn't finish his work, okay Abbi ?"

"Yes" her voice croaks but she doesn't cry. He smiles a bit because he knows that under all her fear and anger she's ashamed like a cat would be. And that it's not as dramatic as it looks. Or maybe that's what he wants to believe. Because if Ms. Sen were to be questioned, or the parents, they'd all testify that something's wrong with Abigail. That somethings wrong with Will.

Chapter End Notes

Apologies for Will being an OC dad.

Musings

Chapter Notes

My inspiration is dwindling, I'm sorry for the wait guys!

Like most parents, Will has to stare in his child's eyes and wonder if every pain in her future will be due to his fuck ups. He's anxious, ill adjusted, bitter and impatient. Hannibal is a cannibal. A serial killer. A sadist who reaps pleasure from dominance and control. What does it mean for Abigail?
Though Hannibal is healthy, educated, sharp and effective. Intellectually curious as well as rigorous. Truly he pains to find a fault in him otherwise. And he wonders which one of them, he or him would truly give Abigail the best of futures.
The facts are here: Hannibal never laid a hand on either of them. There has been no violence nor cruelty in the house. Abigail's behavior in preschool had only started to deteriorate once they had left. In these moments of weakness, he thinks about accepting Hannibal. Of coming to his old life, in their house, together.

The call to Hannibal had shaken him. The situation, them being on the run, had become much more real. So was the immensity of his mistake. He was isolated, Hannibal as a psychiatrist could probably convince everybody he had gone crazy, put him in a cell, convict him for child abduction. He shouldn't have panicked, should have played the part. Made allies, showed the police. There was no way he was going to win this now. He had ruined his own future.

Because of that stupid "L" word.

These type of thoughts plagued him. He had to remind himself that he had evidence. Pictures, DNA samples of the victim in the basement.

That's what he tried to convince himself with, everyday, every waking hour. His anger fed his determination but at night, when he was alone, he felt the ghost of his breath, the songs of their discourse and the specter of their love. He didn't know how he would ever get out of this.

*

"Good morning dove, so vigorous."

Will huffs and laughs, he pushes his husband's hand inching towards the inside of his thighs, away from the tent of his morning erection under the sheets. "We're going to fuck like rabbits for four days straight." with that he pushes himself up, enjoying the frustration playing on Hannibal as he's refused.

"Come back to bed" he says, staring at his Omega.

Will puts on a robe and grins, "you're insatiable." The Alpha rises, cock hard, he pushes Will back on the bed. The later falls on his back, laughing as he's disrobed.

Hannibal penetrates him without lube. Will whines and spreads. Hannibal inches slowly inside, desperate to reach the depth of him. He comes and goes in small jabs, till Will gets wetter, and wetter and he can push himself all the way in.

"I love you Will Graham."

Will's cocklet twitches. "You're quite alright yourself Mr. Lecter."

"Dr." he says, biting the calf laying on his shoulder.

"Abigail will be awake soon."

"Then let's make the most of the time we have sweetheart" he says pushing hard, rolling his hips but no drawing back, pressing against Will's insides.

"I'm gonna come soon."

"Wait for me darling" Hannibal whispers, kissing the same calf. Will shifts till the back of his knees slot with the shoulders of his mate. He rests on his elbows as Hannibal enjoys his body, smiling at the offering and growling at the dusty pink pearling his lover's cheeks.

"Uhm, that's your knot ?"

"Yes darling."

"You're going to knot me ?"

"Yes."

"What about Abbie ?" Will cries as Hannibal drives it in as an answer. He shudders coming with closed eyes and smiling through the orgasm. "Love your knot."

"Love your vagina."

"You can say pussy in bed you know?"

"A pussy is a cat Will." The Omega tries to hide his laughter behind his arm but fails and Hannibal sighs.

"There's nothing wrong with the word vagina."

"No there isn't Hannibal, I love your penis" he retorts snorting.

He removes his legs and let his husband sag against him. They kiss slowly, he has to do a bit of coaxing since Hannibal is offended.

"Dad, father ?"

They groan in unison as their daughter calls them from behind the closed door.

"Told you" he whispers in Hannibal's ear. The alpha grinds and tugs his knot, "thought you loved my knot ?" Will closes his eyes tightly and Hannibal repeats the gesture, panting has he feels Will's muscles tremble around him.

"Stop you'll make me cum." he whimpers, bitting his arm.

"Father was thinking of making tamagoyaki, doll" Hannibal replies to Abigail. "Why don't you be a sweet girl and get all the ingredients out while daddy and I finish waking up" he says, looking in Will's green eyes. He dips to run his tongue over the pink lips of his lover.

"Okay Abbie ?"

"Yes father."

"Thank you sweetheart."

Will sighs and Hannibal starts pressing and moving his knot around, it hurts both of them but in a good way.

"Hannibal ?"

"I'm going to make you cum Will." He pushes and gyrates, invading and hurting him in all the right ways.

"Oh" Will says before coming again. Hannibal groans as his cock his stimulated harshly by the Omega's pelvic muscles.

His knot deflates and he kisses Will hole before putting his white robe. Will gets back up on shaky legs pulls up his boxer shorts and closes his dark robe, tightening it while looking at Hannibal's amber eyes warming him.

"I'll be away for a conference next week-end." he says, smiling as Will's expression deteriorates. "Barely two days dove" he says cupping his cheek and kissing it gently as Will mutters under his breath.

"Bring Abbie and me presents" he says pouty and childish.

"You want to always be on my mind don't you ?"

Will denies it, opening the door but Hannibal pulls him back and kisses him hard, making him hot.

"You always are."

Another happy memory of domestic bliss with Dr. Lecter. He had to dream about it, he just had to. His stupid brain trying to make him go back to that lying killing asshole.

His hole is wet and he's urged to beat it for punishment. Deep down he knows he still wants him, that a part of him doesn't care if he kills people, as long as he loves him and their little girl.

But that's not how it works. Hannibal doesn't love him. He likes possessing him. He doesn't love Abigail, he loves what he sees of him in her.

Will forces himself to remember all these terrible things Hannibal had told him. That he was a runt, that he'd steal Abigail from him, that people would believe he was crazy and belonged in a mental hospital. The thing was, he still felt so guilty because of his postpartum depression. He still remembers what it felt like to hate being a mother.

Will knew that even if it would be easy to incriminate Hannibal, it would be hard to create an alibi for himself. His naivety probably had given his cunning husband all the time in the world to plant his own evidence against him.

Hannibal did not belong to the police. He belonged to him. There was only one way for him to make all of this stop.

Honey Trap-Long Nose

Chapter Notes

> Shame on me for taking so much time. I wanted to make it better, didn't know how, and in the end didn't change much so you could have had this months ago...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

On the third day he's ready to pick up the phone again. Hannibal answers barely half a ring after. "We're in Portland." he says as soon as the click comes. His voice is shaky when he says the next sentence: "please come, we need to talk. I don't know what to do anymore..." he pants the way he practiced in front of the mirror and shuffles on the bed for better measures.

"Are you in heat William ?"

He gulps and breathes out again, rubbing his thighs against each other. "I don't know you anymore. I just want to talk. I want our life back." he sniffles and this one he almost doesn't need to pretend.

He shivers as he hears his husband's voice trying to comfort him. It's so scary, how calm he is. It used to make him think he was in control. Now he thinks he just doesn't feel anything.

"Foolish Will, you ran away like a scared little lamb with our daughter and now you realize the folly of your actions."

"I'm sorry Alpha" he whines. He scared at how well he pulls it off. If Hannibal didn't take any suppressants, unlike Will, he's probably on the verge of his rut.

"William where are you ?"

"Portland" he whines again, this time he gives him the address. Hannibal actually purrs and Will doesn't suppress the moan his reassuring rumble gives him. It helps, no matter how scared he is of that disgusting butcher, gods it helps to hear him purr so he rolls with it.

"Can you stay on the phone ?"

"Are you distressed my dear ?" when Will only whimpers he continues "of course you are, all alone, wet and needy without me. Did you know I was planning on impregnating you for your next heat ?"

Will blanches at that but Hannibal mistakes his silence for surprise.

"I had reserved a table at the restaurant, was planning on asking you at dessert. I love you Will."

The urgent violence that seizes him almost hurts. He's trembling with rage at the words, at the idea of Hannibal getting near his womb again. Not managing to speak yet, he makes another strangled whimper instead. It comes out as distressed which is as good. "I'm sorry Hannibal."

"Are you ?"

Will flips him a finger in the secrecy of his room. "Yes."

"Will you let me speak to Abigail ?"

"Yes." he has to make Hannibal believe him. Has to lure him. Cannot fail or this will be his death sentence. It won't hurt if he talks to her one last time, not if she doesn't know.

"Now."

"Hannibal" he pants "I'm on my second day, she's at friends. I'll call them, tell them to let Abby call you." Will hates himself for that. To use his daughter as a pawn. "Please keep purring." he whines. "I missed you Hannibal. I feel so lost without you."

He feels it, the moment Hannibal lets his guard down, blinded by his ego. He starts purring earnestly and loud, making him wet and warm. It's incredible that this trick should still work, knowing that Hannibal was probably planning on snapping his neck three days ago but he takes it, lets it in, starts purring in return because he's so tired of everything and Hannibal's rumble is so strong and soft. Will soon falls asleep, phone pressed to his ear as he curls in his cheap sheets.

Will wakes groggy and disoriented. He has an ache in his stomach He rouses and moans as he stretches. When he hears someone calling his name, he jumps, terrorized, looking around until his eyes fall on the phone. He looks at it for a good half minute before reacting, still frozen with fear. It had stayed on all night, Hannibal is still on the other side of the line.

Will is terrorized and ashamed to have fallen asleep like this, to the voice of a serial killer, a liar.

"Hannibal ?"

"Good morning dearest." Will's nails dig in the mattress.

"I need to hang up I...I'm gross." he manages as an excuse.

"I'll be coming soon, on the week-end."

"Yes Hannibal, thank-you." he says. *Thank you for believing me.*

Instead of rendering him anxious, the knowledge of Hannibal's arrival strengthened him. The wonderful idea that all of this would be over very soon. He honestly couldn't wait to drive a knife into that bastard's throat.

He hears scratching at the door and he finds four dogs ready to be fed. As soon as he gets out of his small bedroom the rest come padding along gently whining. As if he wouldn't feed them. He rolls his eyes as he chops apple bits to throw in with the dry food.

He watches them eat content and reassured. Abigail isn't up yet so he sneaks in her room to watch her snore. She has mild allergies and makes the cutest sounds while she sleeps. He grins at her serious expression but strange sprawling. What a beautiful baby girl.

He gently closes the door and starts to make breakfast.

….....

What William does, he isn't proud off. It's a foreign, decisive procedure. It's tightly timed, it's crazy. There's no coming back.

….....

There are remnants of his rut on Hannibal's skin. It makes his stomach recoil. Hannibal doesn't come up to kiss him as he opens the door. He's sniffing around. Will had been too hopeful, he's still wary.

"Sweetheart" he calls to him, black deep v-neck sweater and tight pants. Hannibal looks him up and down. Will doesn't see arousal in his eyes and it worries him.

Hannibal steps in and pecks him. Will finds himself chasing his lips, trying to deepen the kiss. Hannibal indulges him and Will moans as he takes them between his, licking at their corner and pressing himself against the other's body. His smell is already sweetening. Will lets his body react. It's great that biology works this way. He lets it do the work, knowing that Hannibal will trust it better than words.

"Where's Abigail?" Hannibal asks. Will's eyes look up to him.

"I though we could spend a bit of time together first."

Hannibal's lips pinch and Will knows he's walking on a thin thread.

He concentrates to make his eyes well up..."you don't want to have me back? This was just to take her back and dump me as punishment, is that it?" he takes a step back, crossing his arms over his chest. "Fuck you, get out of my apartment."

Hannibal frowns, he's hesitant still, Will is here seemingly angry and beautiful. He hasn't seen him in years it seems.

There's a scratch at the door and a whine. The dogs can smell Hannibal. They miss him. He turns momentarily distracted by the sound. The instant he turns his focus back Hannibal is mere inches from his face, gazing intensely in his eyes. *It's easy. Pretend you don't know, see him the way you used to. No, better. Pretend you admire him for his prowess. His cunning. How many alphas actually kill?* He coaches himself.

Hannibal kisses him hard, holding him by the hips by a vice grip. Will grits his teeth, desperate to keep his anger at bay, holding unto his physical reactions for solace.

Hannibal bites him right then and there, hard and savagely. Will cries out in surprise. His anger and disgust flare, too strong not to be noticeable by the other. But he masks it.

"I'm not your thing! You can't walk up in here, barely talk and than bite me like I'm a goddamn object!"

Hannibal looks like a madman, lips red, hair tousled and eyes bleary. "Do you love me Will?"

The question takes him by surprise. Or maybe the intensity of it. Will slowly nods, Hannibal creeps closer, till their foreheads meet. "Are you my husband, still now?"

"Yes..." he murmurs.

Hannibal hiccups and drops in his arms, heavy on his straining muscles. He holds the alpha a few minutes, until Hannibal starts smelling him again, nosing at the spot behind his ears, at the corner of his nose at his jaw.

"My one and only love" he says reverent. "I missed you" he presses a kiss against his aorte, than another on his trachea, suddenly gripping his face and kissing him hard, preventing him from breathing.

"I love you" he says, looking into his eyes, "I love you William." he kisses him again, and again, and again.

Will is getting dizzy. He needs to do something before this gets out of control. *He lied to you for years, played you a fool, put your household in danger*...it's an old mantra now.

"I'm sorry I kept parts of myself hidden away from you...I didn't know when you'd be ready, I wanted to show you so desperately, knew that one day you'd understand. But your pregnancy came unsuspected, we had so many things to sort out." he confesses, poring into Will. "I'll tell you everything, you'll see I know you will." he says, kissing fully on the lips, drawing back to look at him reverently, "that's why I chose you. I sensed your darkness, your untapped potential." he dives in to get another kiss, while Will stays immobile, scared at everything he's saying. What darkness?

"I need to have you." Hannibal whispers in his neck. Will shivers. He was supposed to be prepared for this, for sex. Sex with Hannibal. Now that they are reunited in his small apartment, he isn't sure he has the strength anymore.

He grips Hannibal by the shoulders, not wanting to say yes out loud, for the tape recorder to pick up. Doesn't want to police to hear him submit to the beast. Instead he nods slowly.

Hannibal smiles down at him. "You'd look gorgeous bloodied under the moonlight." Will knew that Hannibal adored gothic imagery but the context creeps him out now. "I married you because you've always endeavored to be free and that's what I am. I don't bend down to conventions or morals. They're is only once thing that counts. Us thriving, our family". His

eyes are humid as he tirades, Will doesn't understand how it could have escaped him that this man always was and could never be something else than a killer.

Hannibal drops on his knees, still looking at Will like he's a God. He's crazy Will thinks, maybe not a psychopath but definitely a loony.

"My poor sweet Omega. Never understood or supported...you worked so hard for the same people that have been hurting your potential, rejecting your dreams, spitting on your talents...We are not of the same race, not of the same blood" he raves on, kissing a hip bone than a knee, a clothed foot.

They're supposed to have sex in the bedroom. Where the tape recorder won't pick the sounds. He has everything he needs. He didn't even need to coax Hannibal into confessing, he admitted everything, his guilt, Will's innocence.

He tugs Hannibal, making him understand by looking back towards the corridor.

Hannibal doesn't listen. In a surge he gets up to lift Will on the counter. He yanks the Omega's belt away. "I'm not waiting a single second." he says something else too, something about yearning for him, but Will doesn't hear him over his beating heart. He doesn't mind that the wire will record they're mating sounds, he minds that it's on the counter, behind the bread and toaster, barely a meter away from Hannibal and a few inches away from his elbow.

Hannibal gets under his shirt and starts kissing his stomach all over.

They need to get to the bedroom.

"Is this how you're going to take me?" he murmurs, cupping Hannibal's cheek. The Alpha suck in his thumb, attentive and obedient. "You won't allow me the comforts of a bed?"

The soft look on his face mutates to one of feral hunger, "You're not my husband right now, you are my mate. My mate that doesn't smell one bit like me, that hasn't had me in him for weeks" he growls.

"I'm taking you here and now!" he grits, pulling Will's clothed hips to his erection.

Will closes his eyes, scared, aroused and humiliated. Hannibal yanks him off the counter. Will startles, trying to grip at something but his face is pressed against the hard wood.

"This is punishment. I'm taking you from behind." Hannibal says, "because you're mine, because I own you." Will sees from the corner of his eyes how red his eyes are, how angry and his blood runs cold, he looks over at the toaster, standing now too close from him, to close for comfort.

"Hannibal" he whines. The man pressed his hard erection against his backside, hands spreading near his head.

He ruts once, twice, Will feels himself leak. Hannibal pushes things away to allow better movement. He ruts a third time, a fourth, Will gives out a moan.

His eyes are squeezed shut, he presses mindlessly back when the friction stops. The room is suddenly silent. Free of rumbles. He cracks an eye open, is greeted by Hannibal's blank expression. His face is so pale. Will looks back at what his husband is staring at.

In front of him, the toaster is cat aside. The wire exposed, blinking as it's recording.

He's still spread over the counter, sill offered and wet, clothed but ready for him. He can't speak. Not when Hannibal's expression crumbles from arousal to pain and misunderstanding. His look is confused, lost. It doesn't last.

A look of pure rage slowly creeps along his features. Body hardening, eyes going from unseeing to hateful, directed towards Will, looking at him like he's a dirty nothing standing in his way. Will can't help but stay in total submission under him, legs still wide spread, eyes owlish like, frozen.

"This, all of this. It didn't mean anything to you ?" Hannibal's eyes go from wild to absolute zero, the gripping violent determination of his mind closing him up.

Will trembles and shakes his head. He's panicking, he knows he should be saying something. He manages to shakily get up, trying to cup Hannibal's face but his hand is slapped away.

He can't look at anything else than his husband's face.

He wants to be forgiven.

Hannibal approaches and Will yearns for his embrace, he doesn't step away, he opens his arms. Hannibal holds him to his chest.

It's cold and suddenly warmth flood his stomach, it's almost a relief until it leaks on his belly and falls to the ground. It takes him a moment to realize it's blood. His blood.

When he looks down, the knife is leaving his stomach and getting back in again.

When he looks up, he sees the pain in Hannibal's eyes. Wet and screaming. Reflexively, Will clutches his stomach. Four years ago, Abigail would have been an inch bellow.

Hannibal lips twist. "Us ?"

Will's eyes widen at the meaning. He tries to scream but his voice is still in the back of his throat. He's under shock.

Part of him watches Hannibal looking towards Abigail's closed door.

"Please" he whispers, *Oh God Hannibal please !,* he thinks.

With the last rush of adrenaline he has, he starts dragging himself on the ground, leaving a slimy trail of red behind him.

Hannibal's already at the entrance door. His hand almost on the knob. He manages to latch on his ankle. His grasp is the hardest he can manage, it barely tightens.

Hannibal looks down at the sweaty omega's face.

"I love her so much." he begs, eyes closing involuntarily as he starts sobbing. The sounds he makes are truly ugly. "Please.." he drawls, whining at the end of his vowel, voice soft from the exhaustion.

Will tries to climb up the Alpha's legs, trembling with the effort, the pain is finally starting to kick in, it's so cold.

"Oh God Hannibal"

The alpha's hands seize his. Will freezes, expectant and afraid of his husband's next steps. Hannibal squeezes to pry them off his crumpled bloodied shirt. He lifts them,Will's fists ball helplessly. He searches for his husbands eyes wildly. But he won't meet them.

There's nothing left in him but fear, not a drop of reality but the one forcing his emptying corpse to stay alive.

"No, no. No, Hannibal, not my baby, not my daughter. Hannibal, not her. Not our daughter. I carried her for you. I bore her for you in my stomach. Not my daughter. Please mercy, don't take her."

Hannibal's face scrunches up and Will's body hits the ground as he's shoved away. His knees make a hard sound against the panels. He bites his tongue as his chin hit the ground. "Hannibal." it's more a gurgle than a name.

The policemen are coming up, screaming, they seem so far away though.

The man watches him pant on the ground for a while. He's completely static till he makes up his mind.

Will barely sees Hannibal opening the door. Smearing sullied blood on it. His body looks faint, double, triple. He moans to protest his fading vision.

He can't even close his mouth. He's so tired. Abigail...

….....

Will Graham wakes up from his coma a month later in the Hospital. Eventually he learns that Hannibal Lecter and Abigail Hobbes are missing. They followed them to Europe, in Switzerland, Germany, Austria after losing their trail definitely. No progress had been made.

Mr. Graham receives a call from the officer once every month to keep appearances going. He acts as if he believes they will find his family. When he was ready to leave the hospital the scientific police had already cleaned up the house. No longer a crime scene, he can re-inhabit it. The huge black Manor is untouched. He slept in Abigail's room at first.

Now he has permanently taken to the guest room. There are two corpses left in his house. His husband's and his child's. His own murders. Because that's what he did, murder his family. If he had accepted Hannibal for who he was, he'd still have a husband and a daughter.

In his isolated pain, the only solace is his absence of heats. The gynecologist had assured him that it was due to psychological trauma. He believes them.

Will Graham hasn't seen his daughter in a year. He bakes a cake and lights five candles on the 5th of July. Stares at it till the wax has melted on the chocolate coating and goes to bed early.

That's all he can do. Sleep.

He dreams no dream, though he seems restless in his sleep. As he regains consciousness, he understands that a noise had roused him. He awaits, frozen in the dark silence, only to find his phone ringing. He picks it up, pressing it against his ear eagerly: "Yes."

"Good evening Will. In bed at this hour?"

Will nearly drops the phone, he gasps the only thing that matters to him: "Don't hang up!"

"It's Abigail's birthday today. I trust you haven't forgotten."

Silent tears escape his eyes. He presses the phone against his ear tighter. "Please." he murmurs. For Hannibal. Or perhaps some God out there.

"Our daughter misses you. I know our phone line is monitored, it is against my policy to contact anyone in Maryland. Though today I believe exceptions are due."

"Oh please." Will says again, vision blurring through the water.

"You will have a conversation with Abigail." he pauses as he hears Williams distress. "Though I will stay in the room. Trust me to hang up and never allow this if you try to pry any information from her."

"I won't, I won't" he's quick to promise. "Let me talk to her, a minute for all I care, I need to hear her voice."

"Of course, I'm not cruel enough to deprive a parent from their child." the *unlike you* rings loudly and Will doesn't have enough time for guilt as he hears the phone being passed on. He whines at the loss of Hannibal's voice only to moan as finally, after a whole year, 12 months, 325 days he hears her again.

"Dad?"

"Happy Birthday Abigail." he coos.

There's a silent that follows. There so many things he can't say or want to say, the phone seems so vulgar, so distant. A whole year. "I love you baby girl, daddy loves you."

"I know. I miss you daddy. I wish you were here." though she seems regretful she sounds resigned. Will can only guess how well Hannibal has educated their daughter on their situation.

"Are you happy?" that's the most important question, the one that burns him every night and waking hour.

"Yes, father made a cake. I'm opening my presents in a bit." she pauses, thoughtful "are the dogs okay?"

Will sobs on the other side of the phone. Doesn't she miss him as much as he does her? How can he live like this? How will he live like this? No matter how temporary this seems to him it isn't. This will be his life, at least till she reaches 18 years old. One phone call every year. This isn't possible.

"Dad?"

"They're fine Abigail. I'm taking good care of them. Is Hannibal taking good care of you?"

"That's a silly question." she retorts. "I know how to read." she declares, changing topics.

"You're wonderful honey." he exclaims. "Tell me everything you learned." he begs.

Abigail says her hair is longer, tells him that she lost three teeth, that her favorite animal isn't the hawk anymore but the poisonous frogs. She tells him about the yucky jello dinner Hannibal made the past evening, and he hears his husband grunting at the comment in the background. She sings him a song she learned and tells him about a dog their neighbor has that she loves.

Will drinks everything up, never closing his mouth, chugging the information like a sagging blackhole. He thinks he'll explode once she hangs up. They've been on the phone for an hour, Hannibal hasn't said anything, hasn't forced them to separate. He's thankful and fearful. Doesn't want this to end. Eventually it does. Abigail bids him goodbye.

He doesn't hear the click of the phone. Instead Hannibal takes it back from her.

"I'll kill myself" he vows as soon as he hears the loud speaker being disengaged. "I'll kill myself Hannibal, I can't live like this. How long is this going to last?"

"Now, now darling. Both you and I know you're a survivor."

"Hasn't my punishment gone long enough?" the familiar anger bubbles back up to the surface. It brews forever in him.

"Punishment?" Hannibal tuts. "Dear Will, I am not punishing you. This is the mere consequences of your actions."

"Anything" he begs "I'll do anything."

"Lovely William, how I'd love to believe that." Will hears traces of affection in his tone. Regret too.

"I still love you" he confesses. "I do, believe me." Will's eyes start weeping again, he naturally curls in on himself. "I want my family back."

"I am what I am Will." Hannibal firmly says.

"I'll take it." he says with fervor.

"Over the silence, over the solitude? It's an easy choice for a lonely man." Hannibal casually says.

Will denies. "I love you, you know I do. I see now, I know who you are, don't you think I've endeavored to know who I shared my life with? A ghost of you, articles, reports, books, postcards...it's all I have left of you, a ghost. It's as if you were already dead!"

The pause betrays Hannibal's emotion. Will can only submerge itself in it. When it draws on too long, his hands start to tremble with the possibility that he might be hanging up any instant. *Can I talk to Abigail, to you, again? Where are you?* These questions burn his tongue. *Don't leave me behind*. This prayer dismembers him.

"What are you doing Will? I imagine the void we left behind has been gaping for a fill." Will closes his eyes. The smugness that carries the word "void" to his ear is cruel. Yet the man acknowledging his power over him can only be a boon for future negotiations. The conflicting emotions suddenly seem overbearing to his shoulders. He lays on his side, slowly, changing hands.

"Not sure if there is a "me" anymore." he softly says. "I find myself mostly in a waiting state, wasting in this mausoleum." He find his own honesty refreshing. *What is there to lose anymore?* Hannibal always had been his greatest confidant. *Can these things change?* "On more practical matters I am still working. I have a book on its way of being published."

Again they find themselves in a silence. Hannibal is caught in the webs of Will. Unwillingly, he seems to have forgotten anew that the man behind the receiver was the one he fell in love with. He finds he misses him, though he knew that, it becomes more real as he's caught up on the missed sequences of his life. After all, he hasn't seen or touched Will, but more importantly he has been separated from his mind.

Will isn't sure, he'd like to think its the case not because he wants it to be but because it's true, that here they are still connected. That his life with the man hadn't been a lie. Aside from the darkest secret parts of him, they had known each other. "I forgive you." he says before hanging up, once the emotions have become too much. Once he starts remembering with too much acuity how much he loved this man.

And he does forgive him for knifing him, for slitting his stomach open and leaving him dead. Because Will is no fool. He might have been blinded by fear, spite, hurt...however he recognizes pain when he sees it. And Hannibal's face as he tried to erase him, the fact that he had failed to do so, were enough proof of his sincerity.

Will slowly gets up, he doesn't know how to deal with this pain. The stoicism it requires is unprecedented. He thinks of the untouched bottles in the cellar. He won't get drunk. Won't permit himself to find comfort in alcohol. Knows self-soothing once started would never stop. He must stayed strained and alert against that pain. Never let it slip out of his control.

In a vain imitation, he puts on Lana del Rey, fills a glass of Merlot in the dark kitchen, turns on the light and starts dancing to the lyrics.

"God knows I live,

God knows I died,

God knows I loved,

God knows I lied,

God knows I lived..."

Chapter End Notes

If you could I'd love for you to give me constructive criticism, I feel something's missing in my writing and I'd like to improve!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!